

THE BLAIRMORE ENTERPRISE

VOL. IV. NO. 41

BLAIRMORE, ALBERTA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1912

\$2.00 YEARLY

F. M. Thompson Co.

THE QUALITY STORE

APPLES, No. 1 Wealthies.
The Kind that Looks Good and
Taste Better. \$1.85

COOKING APPLES, Sound and Good.
Per Box. \$1.40

NO. 1 B. C. POTATOES.
One car just arrived and another
rolling. Our price for a short
time is exceptionally low.
Per Hundred \$1.20

CREAMERY BUTTER.
"Pincher Creek" and "Prairie
City." A 1 Quality. Phone
25 or call and get our prices. It
will pay you.

We have a low price for cash and for delivery direct from the
car. Before buying your winter supply get our quotation.

Blairmore, Alberta

The Blairmore Trading Co.

FOR

DRY GOODS

BOOTS and SHOES

The Store That Sells For Less

Blairmore

Alberta

FRAYER'S PHONE NO. 27

SINCLAIR'S PHONE NO. 30

OFFICE PHONE "B"

Frayer & Sinclair

Contractors & Builders

PLANS FURNISHED
ESTIMATES GIVEN

DEALERS IN

Rough & Dressed Lumber, Sash & Doors
Shingles & Lath

Blairmore

Alberta

Crows' Nest Flour and Feed Co.

PHONE 75

P. O. Box 33

S. J. SARGENT, Manager
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Flour, Hay, Oats, Etc.

AGENTS FOR "ROBIN HOOD" FLOUR

LETHBRIDGE COAL

ALL KINDS OF DRAY WORK DONE

Blairmore,

Alberta

PATTERSON & LEE

House Agents
Real Estate
Insurance, Etc.
Rents Collected

Next Door to Blairmore Liquor Store

BLAIRMORE

VICTORIA STREET

ALBERTA

Brisco's Departmental Store

I AM now in my new store and have most of my new
stock open and can show a complete line of DRY
GOODS, LADIES' AND GENTS' BOOTS AND
SHOES, Childrens Shoes and Clothing, Ladies
Gents and Childrens Furnishings.

DON'T FORGET We are in our New Store

Meeting of Board of Trade

The regular monthly meeting
of the Blairmore Board of
Trade was held at the office of
W. A. Beebe on Tuesday night,
there being present, President
Sinclair, W. A. Beebe, L. Dutil,
W. A. Malcolm, A. A. Sparks
and W. J. Bartlett.

Minutes of previous meeting
were read.

A communication from G. C.
Gordon, of the survey department
was read, referring to the
secretary's letter regarding
of a road to South Fork from
Blairmore. Mr. Gordon stated
that he had visited the region
in question and considering
the amount of development at
present in progress he did not
think the time was ripe for the
opening up of such a road.

The Board requested that the
agitation be continued and that
why there was a need of such
a road being constructed at the
earliest possible date be im-
pressed upon the department.

Around us on all sides lay
valuable resources of different
kinds, which needed most to be
tapped by means of conveyance
or transportation in order to
encourage the introduction of
capital. Too long are these
natural resources lying dor-
mant, and it was incumbent
upon us in this generation to
encourage their development
and derive the benefit.

It has become a fad to spend
considerable time sauntering
over the most desirable loca-
tion for a cement plant in Blair-
more, while reliable prophesies
picture mammoth industries
converting our beautiful hills
into marketable products, not
in one corner of the town, but
at the four corners and in be-
tween.

A motion was made that the
Blairmore Board of Trade cele-
brate the introduction of the
Keystone Cement plant into
Blairmore by the holding of a
social banquet for the members
and their friends, and those
persons were requested to sit
down and wait.

J. B. Henton, of Winnipeg
wrote to ask information re-
garding the town as a location
for a foundry. Secretary was
to forward the necessary in-
formation.

Messrs. Sparks and Robbins
were added to the committee
to look after the proposition of
a road to York Creek.

Tenders for Cutting and Delivering Mine Props.

Tenders will be received by
undersigned up to the 19th day
of October, 1912, for the cutting,
skidding, and delivery of 300,
000 feet of Mine Props from
their area near Crows Nest
Lake to the Mine Entry at Cole-
man. Further particulars may
be had on application at the
General Office of the Company
at Coleman, Alberta.

International Coal & Coke Company

Death of G. P. Hinds

The sad intelligence reached
town on Sunday last of the sudden
 demise of Mr. G. P. Hinds, at Still-
water, Minnesota. Mr. Hinds with
his wife spent the summer in Blair-
more with their sons Frank and
Ernest, and left here on September
15th, for their home at Stillwater.
Leaving Blairmore, M. Hinds ap-
peared to be enjoying the best pos-
sible health and in fact was heard
to remark while in conversation
that he "could die a turn with any
of the young fellows," but on his
arrival south the change of climate
seemed to have dealt a fatal
stroke. Word was sent to his son,
Frank, that he was not feeling well
and was suffering from a choking
of the lungs and heart. The mes-
sage that his father had passed
away came as a shock to both sons
on Sunday night. Messrs Frank
and Ernest Hinds left by Sunday
night's "fyer" for Stillwater to
look after the burial.

M. Hinds was well known
throughout the Crows' Nest Pass
where he had resided for years,
and from where he moved to Still-
water but two years ago. He pos-
sessed a genial spirit which won
for him host of friends although
in his 63rd year, he was up to
the last month always boastful of
the health, and little was thought
that the end could be so near.

Deceased was a veteran of the
Indian and civil wars of the sixties,
about which he enjoyed in relating
the history.

Funeral takes place at Stillwater
after the arrival there of the sons.
Among the floral tributes adorning
the casket will be a beautiful
presentation by Blairmore Lodge, I.
O. O. F.

With the sorrowing relatives we
extend sympathy.

Eberts to Hang November 2nd

Ottawa, Oct. 7.—In the Supreme
court today in the case of Eberts
vs King, appeal was dismissed with
costs, Justice Duff dissenting.

This means that Fritz Eberts,
convicted of the murder of Mount-
ed Police Constable, George E. Wil-
mett, at Frank, Alta., has lost his
contention, that he should have
been convicted for manslaughter
only the conviction for murder fixed
by the provincial courts there-
fore stands and Eberts will hang.

The sentence imposed upon
Eberts named the date of his pay-
ing the penalty as November 2nd,
at Macleod.

Collin Macleod, of Macleod de-
fended the doomed man, and the
case of the Crown was in the hands
of E. F. B. Johnston, K. C. of To-
ronto.

The murder took place on the
morning of April 18, 1908.

Kitchener-Curry Nuptials

The marriage of Edward Charles
Kitchener, of Blairmore, to Miss
Louise Curry, of Calgary, was so-
lemnized by Rev. T. M. Murray at
Coleman on Monday forenoon.
After the ceremony the couple re-
turned to Guxukland, where they
will in future reside.

Blairmore Ald- ermen Meet

A special meeting of the
Blairmore council was called
Monday night last to hear the
first and second readings of a
money by-law. Some alder-
men present were not in favor
of having the by-law read at
such special meeting and de-
sired to let it lay over until
next Monday night's regular
meeting, when the By-Law to
provide for the borrowing of
\$12,000 to complete the water-
works extensions will be in-
troduced and read a first and
second time. After those read-
ings the said by-law will be
submitted for publication in the
local paper to give the rate-pay-
ers a chance to peruse and con-
sider and give their decision
for or against it by a general
vote of the property owners of
the town, for which a polling
day will be set later.

It is a well-known fact that
Blairmore has been equipped
with a splendid water main,
dam and service, which has cost
in the neighborhood of \$40,000.
The sum of forty thousand dol-
lars was raised by debentures
last year for said work.

Now that the main has been
completed, in order to derive a
revenue, extensions must be
made to reach every possible
individual subscriber.

Voters are expected to act
wisely in this matter. By vot-
ing for the By-Law, they will
assist the town to complete the
work and acquire the revenue
necessary for the up-keep of the
system, which after a while will
be self-maintaining and in due
course be paying off the principal
and interest of the debenture
bonds. If they vote against
this By-Law the main will
stand as it is, the town will be
deprive no revenue therefrom, and
the liability of the town for the
payment of debentures will
have to be met by the property
holders through the medium of
increased taxation.

Without the extensions Blair-
more might just as well be
without a dam and water main.
Application for extensions de-
mand that immediate steps be
taken for their installation.
When these extensions are
completed, the revenue from
the system will be in the neigh-
borhood of \$20,000 annually.

Killed Near Fernie

Kasimir Kanareusk, a Poland-
er was run over by a southbound
freight train on the Great North-
ern railway between Fernie and
Morriste last week and literally
chopped to pieces. — and three
other section men were on their
way to Fernie to purchase pro-
visions, when hearing the train
approaching they took too great
chances to get a good place to take
off their hand car and the men
at the rear were struck, but one
was not seriously injured. The
car was demolished.

Alberta Trading Co

PHONE 147

FAMILY GROCERS

The Store With Fresh Goods
Always!

Sole Agents for

ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR

—AND—

WILD ROSE CREAMERY BUTTER

Fresh shipments of Creston Apples,
Peaches, Pears, Crab Apples, Ripe
and Green Tomatoes.

FOR QUALITY SEE OUR WINDOW

All we ask is a trial order

Free Delivery Blairmore and Frank

BLAIRMORE ALBERTA

W. A. Beebe

Real Estate
and Insurance

Broker in Mines
and
Mining Stocks

Houses for sale or rent
and rents collected.

Issuer of Marriage Licenses
and Notary Public

VICTORIA STREET

Blairmore, Alta.

BLACKSMITH

I beg to thank the citizens of
Blairmore, and the Pass generally
for their good patronage
in the past year, during which
time I have endeavored to cope
with smithy work in this dis-
trict. I am now equipped bet-
ter than ever to handle the
blacksmith trade in all its
branches, giving special atten-
tion to wheelwrighting and
horse-shoeing, and solicit a con-
tinuance of your favors in the
future.

Our Motto:—"Strict attention
to business, prompt service
and reasonable rates."

R. SMALLWOOD

Blacksmith & Wheelwright

BLAIRMORE ALBERTA

MISS WILLIAMS, L. A. B.

Teacher of Piano and Theory. Pupils
prepared for annual examinations held
by the Royal Academy of Music.

Apply at Mrs. Raoul Green

Address: Fox St, Blairmore

BLAIRMORE LIQUOR STORE

FRAYER & MURPHY, Props.
Wholesale
Dealers in

Choice Wines
Liquors and Cigars

Special attention
to Family Trade

Agents for the Celebrated

"ALBERTA'S PRIDE" BEER

PHONE 87

BLAIRMORE ALBERTA

L. H. Putnam

Barrister, Solicitor and Notary Public.

Agent for reliable Life, Fire, Accident,
and Fidelity Insurance Companies.
Money loaned on good security.
Branch offices at Coleman and Bellevue.

Phone 107 BLAIRMORE Alberta

FINDING A PAWN TICKET.

Sometimes It May Be Just Walking Into a Trap.

"While walking through one of the prominent streets the other day," said an innocent-looking individual, "I espied an important looking piece of paper on the sidewalk and, picking it up, found it to be a pawn ticket for a diamond scarf pin which some careless person had apparently dropped."

"According to the ticket, the pin had been pledged several weeks before for \$15. 'How am I to find the owner?' I asked. 'I shall take it to the pawnbroker?' Perhaps if I do the owner will never see it anyway. The pin must surely be a good one and doubtless worth three times the amount for which it was pledged. Why not appropriate it to my own use?"

"The name on the ticket was Brown, and my conscience was relieved when I found several hundred of that name in the directory. I soon made up my mind and started for the broker's office. I asked to see the man in charge, deeming it, stating that I had bought the ticket, and upon the payment of 25 cents was allowed to examine it."

"It looked all right to me, although I am not a qualified judge of diamonds, and I paid the principal of \$15 and the interest of \$1.50 and the pin became mine."

"The next day I showed it to an expert, who declared it to be worth far less than the amount I had paid for it. 'It is a trick of some people,' he said, 'to defraud unwary persons like yourself. The scheme consists of issuing tickets for worthless pieces of jewelry for amounts many times in excess of their value and dropping them on the sidewalk in different parts of town where unsuspecting persons pick them up and redeem them, as you did, thus yielding a handsome profit to the perpetrators.'—Philadelphia Record.

AN HOUR'S WALK.

You Would Hardly Think It Meant Traveling 58,533 Miles.

Have you ever thought of the distance you travel when you are out on an hour's stroll? Possibly you walk three miles within the hour, but that does not by any means represent the distance you travel. The earth turns on its axis every twenty-four hours. For the sake of round figures, we will call the earth's circumference 24,000 miles, and so you must have traveled during the hour's stroll 1,000 miles in the axis' turn.

But this is not all. The earth makes a journey around the sun every year, and a long and rapid trip it is. The distance of our orbit around the sun we will put at 92,000,000 miles. This is the radius of the earth's orbit—half the diameter of the circle, as we call it. The whole diameter is therefore 384,000 miles, and the circumference, being the diameter multiplied by 3.1416, is about 1,200,000 miles.

This amazing distance the earth travels in its yearly journey, and dividing it by 365 we get the daily speed about 3,288 miles. Then, if you are out on your hour's walk, divide again by twenty-four, and the result is about 137 miles. But this is not the end of your hour's trip. The sun, with its entire brood of planets, is moving in space at the rate of 102,000 miles in a year. That is at the rate of a little more than 438 miles a day, or 18,260 miles an hour.

So, adding up, three miles of leg travel to the hour's axial movement of the earth, this to the earth's orbital journey and that again to the sun's excursion with the stars, you find you have traveled in the hour 58,533 miles.

Fish Lines.

The herring is a funny fish. Of that he will admit. In every case he will be killed before it is a cure.

—Baltre

Girl Cured of Disfiguring Pimples
By Cuticura Ointment. Broke Out on Face when Twelve or Thirteen. Were Most Embarrassing. Had Tried Everything.

A Nova Scotia girl, Miss Mabel Monah, of Dorset West, writes: "When I was twelve or thirteen years of age, my face broke out with pimples, and everything to get rid of them, but failed. The pimples were on my forehead and chin. They came out in groups and developed later into sores. Being on my face they caused great discomfort and were most embarrassing."

"After trying so many remedies without success, I saw the Cuticura Ointment advertised, and I sent for a box. I then applied it to the pimples, and in a few days saw great change in my face. I kept using it, and in a few months my face was clear. Now you cannot tell I ever had pimples. Thanks to the Cuticura Ointment. (Signed) Miss Mabel Monah, March 31, 1911."

Baby's Face Like Raw Beef
"My baby boy had a large, simple comedo on his forehead. It was a red, sore, and over his face which soon looked like a piece of raw beef. After using Cuticura Ointment it was away to look at. The poor little thing used to scratch and cry all the time. I look him to a doctor, but he said he was worse than I. He said that the best thing to do was to use Cuticura Ointment, together with Cuticura Soap, and in a few days the comedo was cured him. Now of course I use Cuticura Soap for all my children. (Signed) Mr. J. Perry, 90, West Hill, Aldershot, England, May 21, 1910."

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold throughout the world, but to those who have suffered much, and have not found relief in any treatment, a liberal supply of each, with a 25-cent bottle of Cuticura Ointment, will be mailed free, on application. Address: Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., 49 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

W. N. O. 512

"Old Nassau."

In the history of Princeton university is found the following entry after it had been decided to send the college in Princeton:

"It was the desire of the trustees to name the new building after the patron saint of the college, the collector Governor Becher, but with rare modesty he declined the honor, requesting the board to call the edifice Nassau Hall, as expressing the House of Nassau, in this remote part of the Globe, to the immortal Memory of the Glorious King William the 3d, who was a branch of the illustrious House of Nassau." This request was complied with in the following terms:

"Whereas His Excellency Gov. Becher has signified to us his desiring to have the Edifice we have lately erected at Princeton for the Use and Service of New Jersey College to be called after his Name, and has desired and for Good Reasons that it should be called after the Name of the illustrious House of Nassau: It is therefore ordered that the said Edifice be at all time to come called and be known by the name of Nassau Hall."

Easily Reconstructed.

The professor was in the excitedly platitudinous mood that sometimes masters the wisest of men. As between alternate sips of morning coffee and bits of bacon he read the editorial articles in his newspaper, he remarked to his wife that if we "knew what our forefathers talked about at the breakfast table we could make history live."

Now, Mrs. Professor is a plain, practical woman, with a sense of humor and an experience with professional models. She thought to herself that it is rather fortunate on the whole that history does not depend for its existence on breakfast table topics. But she said demurely:

"It would be something like this, I think: 'Whereas my newspaper, this coffee is cold. The toast is burned. This is a bad egg. Where do you buy this butter? For goodness' sake, keep these chickens quiet.' Well, now I must be off."—Youth's Companion.

The Connoisseur's Surprise.
An amusing story that, because of a certain high French official is told by a Paris contemporary. He was showing one of his friends the magnificence of the Louvre, and he pointed out to him the various collections of pictures, but he said demurely:

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RELIEF
You will find relief in Zambak!
It cures the burning, stinging pain, stops bleeding and brings ease. Perseverance, with Zambak, means cure. Why not prove this? It is Dr. Zambak's secret.

THE RIGHTS OF PRODUCTION

Interesting Suggestions Made at Paris International Art Congress

The International Art Congress recently held in Paris passed many resolutions which it is hoped the delegates of the governments represented may take up and endorse by legislation.

The most important of these dealt with the claims of the artist and the authorities to deal with the reproduction of any works of art they may acquire.

It was unanimously resolved that as regards a living artist, the right should remain with him, and no authority to copy must be signed by him; but that the directors of picture galleries may authorize single copies for the purpose of study, on condition that such copy is in no way a reproduction in size of the original, that it shall have clearly signed upon it it is after the author; and that it be the stamp of the gallery. These words: Copy, Rights of reproduction reserved.

An Eye for Business

The late John R. Arbuckle, the coffee merchant, who left an estate of \$60 million dollars, often said that a part of his success was due to his knowledge of human nature.

In selling coffee, Mr. Arbuckle once said to a New York coffee broker, you should exercise the same discretion which the druggist showed. A woman, you know, a woman well on in years, entered a druggist's and said: Have you any creams for restoring the complexion?

"Restoring, miss? You mean preserving, said the druggist heartily. And he then told the woman \$11 worth of complexion creams."

How She Voted
At a "nunchon" in New York, Dr. Lyman Abbott, sipping a glass of cold milk, told a woman suffrage story.

He had heard a lot, he said, about the wonderful success of women suffrage in Australia; so, meeting an Australian woman one day, I asked: How did you vote, madam, at the last election?

The Australian woman answered with a simper: I voted for the panner gown, sir, with a large mauve hat trimmed with mauve ostriches.

A Poer for Nurse
Nurse! Little Freddie's voice broke the twilight stillness of the nursery for the twelfth time, and nurse began to get angry.

Well, what do you want now? she snapped. I wanted to ask you—

I'll answer no more questions this night, said nurse firmly, as she went to fold up her charge's clothes. Don't you know that curiously little cat, Freddie?

The small boy lay in silence, stunned by the wonder of this statement. Then he burst out again:

Nurse, what did that cat want to know?

Detected
Captain, you told me this boat would reach the dock by 9 o'clock.

Did I, madam? I must have overlooked it. We'll be there in about twenty minutes.

So late. Madam, you have caught me in another lie.

What Could He Do?
Spare me a penny, sir, please?

The clergyman stopped and looked round. He gave a start of surprise. Instead of an old or middle-aged woman, he saw a youth of nineteen counting down his money.

My lad, he exclaimed, I'm ashamed of you. A young, healthy chap like you ought to be at work instead of begging.

How came you to do it? Well, sir, replied the youth: It's like this. Twelve months ago I was ill and the doctor forbade me to do any work until he died. So what can I do?

The clergyman is still puzzling over the problem.

No man can serve two masters, said the priest to one of his parishioners.

I know that, my Reverence. Me would not let me to the other now's doing time for bigamy.

Mistress—Well, I'm sorry you want to leave me, Mary. But what's your reason?

(Mary keeps silent.)
Mistress—Something private?

Mary (suddenly)—No, mum; please mind, she's a corporal.

To Have and to Hold

Once upon a time he had been an officer in a crack regiment, but he had fallen on evil days, and in the end was compelled by force of circumstances to resign his commission and enlist in another regiment as a humble private.

He found it impossible, however, to forget his old position, and on one occasion, being requested by a sergeant to hold his horse—a duty that he usually devolve upon himself—he remarked:

—You forgot—or, sergeant, that once I held his Majesty's commission. The sergeant looked at him, not without respect by any means, and then remarked:

Well, youngster, I'm sorry, but you will now have to hold one of his Majesty's horses!

Relieve Asthma at Little Expense.
Thousands of dollars have been vainly spent upon remedies for asthma and seldom, if ever, with any result.

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CRAVING FOR DRINK

IT CAN BE COMPLETELY REMOVED IN THREE DAYS BY THE NEAL TREATMENT

A Nature Cure
No Hypodermic Injections
No Bad After Effects

The craving for Drink is due to Alcoholic Poison in the body cells. Until that poison is removed no Drinking Man can conquer his appetite. The Neal Way will eradicate all traces of that Poison and effect a cure cure in THREE DAYS.

Write for further information to THE NEAL INSTITUTE

405 Broadway, Winnipeg
2244 Smith St., Regina
820 Thirteenth Ave., W., Calgary

THE NEAL INSTITUTE

More About The Loading Platform

The present generation of Western farmers will never know the difficulties and hardships experienced by their predecessors in the early years of settlement. No one could so easily obtain grain shipped in bulk except by loading it through an elevator. The system forced the majority of farmers to sell their grain to the elevator owners at arbitrary prices, and oftentimes to suffer heavy dockage and other annoyances, causing constant dissatisfaction. Now however the distribution of grain is fixed by the Grain Act, and the use of the loading platform, provide facilities which enable the farmer to secure satisfactory treatment in the disposal of his grain, and the highest market prices at time of sale. Every farmer therefore, should more and more rely on the use of the loading platform in shipping his grain to the terminal elevators. It is the safeguard of the farmers' freedom in disposing of his grain to the best advantage for himself. It is a simple device, and its use is so simple that the farmer can operate it with ease. The railway people on their part say: It is easy to understand why elevator people desire the loading platform abolished. The railway people on their part say: It delays the loading of cars and helps to cause car shortages. This we know to be nonsense, because frequently after cars are loaded with grain, coal, lumber or other merchandise, they are sidetracked for days and even weeks instead of being promptly moved forward to destination. It is engine shortage and shortage of competent train men that mostly causes grain to be loaded on railways and not lack of cars. Let every farmer therefore, do all he can to use the loading platform and become an independent shipper. In subsequent advertisements we will state in detail the savings and other advantages of direct loading into cars compared with loading through elevators.

We handle the farmers grain strictly on commission, make liberal advances on car bills, of loading, supervise the grading at time cars are inspected, secure the highest prices at time of sale and make prompt remittance when sold. Write us for shipping instructions and more information.

Thompson Sons & Company
GRAIN COMMISSION MERCHANTS
701-703 Y. GRAIN EXCHANGE, WINNIPEG, CANADA.

The Meanest
A well-to-do Chicago real estate owner went into a hardware store in that city and asked the proprietor for a pound of nails. The small package was made up and the price, a nickel, handed to the merchant, when the customer asked if he purchased a pound of nails, he was told that it was in a distant part of the city. The merchant assented, and calling an errand boy, handed him the parcel, with the nickel he had just received for it, and said:

Here, Johnny, take the car and take this parcel out to Mr. Blank's house. "What?" said the customer, as you going to give the boy the nickel to take the parcel out?

Why, certainly, said the merchant. I wouldn't think of asking him to walk so far.

Well, said the meanest man in Chicago, if you would just as soon give me the five cents I will take it out myself.

Some of us never get so grown up that we outlive the old childish desire to play with fire.

He Needed It.
Cholly—I'm doing my best to get ahead, you know.

Cholly—Well, everybody knows you need one.

He—(suddenly)—Er—er—Margaret—er—there's something has been troubling on my lips for the last two weeks.

She—Yes, so I see. Why don't you have it off?

At Wife's Tea
Wife—John, which will you have? Iced tea, bouillon, cold coffee, grape-juice, or something else?

Husband—Neither. Haven't you got something to drink?—Judge.

Going West
The course of civilization is westward, mused the philosopher. Yes, there appears to be little left in New York, asserted the cynic.

But Archie, you're not going in bathing 'til your space on the beach is full.

My dear, I'll not take off another thing. It's positively indecent.

Domestic Economy
Mr. Plink—What's your idea of the initiative and referendum?

Mr. Pewee—It's the rule of our household. Everything that's done must originate with my wife, and everything that occurs to me must be referred to her for disapproval.—Chicago News.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills
exactly meet the need which so often arises in every family for a remedy to open up and regulate the bowels. Not only are they effective in all cases of constipation, but they help greatly in breaking up a Cold or a Grippe by clearing out the system and purifying the blood. In many cases they relieve or cure Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headaches, Rheumatism, and many other ailments.

In the fullest sense of the words Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills are a Household Remedy.

Aw, papa, I don't want. William, if you don't take that medicine, I'll stop your right to bed this minute, without giving you a drop of it.

William was so scared that he took it. That's the way to enforce discipline.

The other night he heard a father speak thusly: William, your mother tells me that you must have a dose of castor oil before retiring to-night. It is your bedtime now. Take your medicine and go to bed at once.

Do, papa, I don't want to take no castor-oil.

You must take it. And immediately William, if you don't take that medicine, I'll stop your right to bed this minute, without giving you a drop of it.

William was so scared that he took it. That's the way to enforce discipline.



The flies that are now in your kitchen and dining-room were probably hatching on some indefinable manure less than an hour ago, and as a single fly often carries many thousands of disease germs to its hairy body, it is the duty of every housekeeper to assist in exterminating this worst enemy of the human race.

WILSON'S FLY PADS

kill flies in such immense quantities as cannot be approached by any other fly killer.



White oak, the only wood which can be used for containers of alcohol-licious, has been practically exhausted in Canadian woodlands. In 1911 only 2,768,000 oak staves were cut, while 2,768,000 were required.

A rough estimate on the part of the Forestry Branch places the minimum amount of material used in the manufacture of all classes of cooperage as 62,353,190 board feet, made up as follows: staves, 29,367,714 feet, head ing, 24,466,666 feet, and hoops, 62,353,190 feet.

A Mild Pill for Delicate Women.—The most delicate woman can understand a course of Parment's Vegetable Pills without fear of unpleasant consequences. Their action, while wholly effective, is mild and agreeable. No violent pains or purgings follow their use, as thousands of women have said who can testify. They are therefore, strongly recommended to women, who are more prone to diseases of the digestive organs than men.

It was to gratify your extravagant tastes, cried the desperate man, that I committed the forestry. The crime is upon your head.

The woman smiled and gazed at him wondrously.

Is my crime on straight? she asked.

Mrs. Tinkie—They say that Mrs. Neahrlich is becoming more proper every day.

Mrs. Dimple—Yes, indeed, you should have seen how mortified she was a while ago when she learned that her husband owned common stock in a railroad.

How Could He? Mr. William Miles had found what, in his opinion, was a better way to a country mansion, and the mode of access was easy. He waited till night, and then he climbed the house. Grasping the ivy, he slowly and carefully climbed up the side of the house, and reached the level of the first-floor window.

Holding on to the sill with both hands, he stooped and looked into the wealth that was about to become his. His mind dwelt on the jewellery and the diamonds, and he was about to grasp. Then his dream was abruptly broken by the opening of the window.

A female face appeared.

Hands up, or I fire!

Woman was ever unreasonable.

Careful Chauffeur

The man who gets this position as my chauffeur must be able to prove by his record that he is a careful driver, asserted the pompous man. I can easily meet your requirements, replied the applicant. Seven coroners' juries have exonerated me of blame in fatal accidents.—Buffalo Express.

Cause of His Rise

Your father's name is being mentioned quite frequently in the papers lately, said the freshman.

Yes, replied the sophomore, he has been so on my advice.

THE WAY OUT

Change of Food Brought Success and Failure to a Woman

An ambitious but delicate girl, after failing to go through school on account of nervousness and hysteria, found in Grape-Nuts the only thing that seemed to build her up and furnish her the peace of health.

"From infancy," she says, "I have not been strong. Being constitutionally nervous, I finally got to the High School, but soon had to abandon my studies on account of nervous prostration and hysteria."

"My food did not agree with me. I grew thin and despondent. I could not enjoy the simplest social affairs for I suffered constantly from nervousness in spite of all sorts of medicines."

"This wretched condition continued until I tried Grape-Nuts when I became interested in the letters of those who had cases like mine and was getting well by eating Grape-Nuts."

"I had little faith but procured a box and after the first dish I experienced a peculiar satisfaction feeling that I had never gained from any ordinary food. I slept and rested better than I had in a few days and began to grow stronger."

"I had a new feeling of peace and restfulness in a few weeks, to my great joy, the headaches and nervousness left me and life became bright and hopeful. I resumed my studies and later taught ten months with ease of course using Grape-Nuts every day."

"Four years since I began to use Grape-Nuts I am the mistress of a happy home and the most vigorous person I have ever returned." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

"There's a reason." Read the little book "The Road to Wellville," in Page.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Elm Leads in Canadian Cooperage

Although the elm still leads among the woods used for single cooperage, spruce is rapidly supplanting it. In the total output of barrels in the Dominion last year, there were used, according to figures compiled by the Forestry Branch of the Department of Agriculture, 66,016,000 pieces of elm staves, 46,016,000 pieces of spruce staves, 37,704,000 pieces of spruce, 2,768,000 pieces of oak, 1,960,000 pieces of spruce staves and 3,000,000 pieces of elm staves reported for 1911 than for 1910. In this elm will probably be used only for hoops, as it is the best wood for the purpose, the supply is fast diminishing, and other species can be used to advantage for staves and headings. The ultimate substitute for elm will probably be birch which is comparatively plentiful.

Slack cooperage is of vastly greater importance than tight cooperage in Canada. This is because the majority of Canadian products are of a rough and dry nature, such as line, potatoes, apples, dry fish, flour, cereals, etc., and because Canadian woods are best suited to slack cooperage.

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CRIPPLED WITH SORE BACK

KIDNEYS WERE BADLY DISEASED AND SHE DIDN'T KNOW IT

Was Completely Cured by Less Than Three Boxes of

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS

Women are very often deceived and mistaken in regard to kidney disease. The pains in the back are attributed to other derangements, and kidney disease is allowed to run on and on until beyond the reach of medical science.

There is needless suffering, and life itself is risked, because backache is not recognized as the most marked symptom of kidney disease.

There is no treatment which so quickly relieves and cures kidney disease as the back, as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. As proof of this read Mrs. Patterson's letter.

Mrs. Richard Patterson, Haldimand, Gaspé Co., Que., writes: "I will gladly say that I was cured of my kidney trouble by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills."

"When I began using this medicine I was crippled with sore back and did not know what was the trouble. In looking over Dr. Chase's Almanac, I saw Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills advertised and decided to try them."

"I had not used two boxes before my back was all right, and before had completed the third box was entirely cured. There has been no return of the old kidney trouble, and I therefore believe the cure to be permanent."

One pill a dose, 25c. a box, at all dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Shameful

Extract from a young lady's letter from Venice: Last night I lay in a gondola in the Grand Canal, drinking it all in, and life never seemed so full before.—Lippincott's.

Regarded as one of the most potent compounds ever introduced with which to combat all summer complaints and inflammation of the bowels, Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial has won for itself a reputation that no other cordial for the purpose can aspire to. For young or old suffering from these complaints it is the best medicine that can be procured.

It is hard to stop, said the clergyman, when once you are started on the down grade.

Oh, I never have any trouble, said the other man, I can back-pedal better than any other man in our club.

Remember, my son that beauty is only skin deep, warned the sage.

That doesn't do much for me, replied the young man. I'm not cannibal.

Furious

First Deaf Mute—He wasn't so very angry was he?

Second Deaf Mute—He was so wild that the words he used almost blithered his fingers.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that the Alameda County Jail is now open to the public. It is a fine building, and the inmates are well cared for. The jail is now open to the public, and the inmates are well cared for.

Miss Voccolo—I'm never happy unless I'm breaking into song.

Brilliant Young Man—Why don't you get the key and you won't have to break in.

Father, our daughter is being courted by a poet.

Is that so, mother. I'll kick him out.

Not so fast. Investigate first and find out whether he works for the magazine or for a breakfast-food factory.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diptemper

Indignant Guest—You ought to be arrested, you said there were bass and pickled in this lake.

Rest Haven Prop.—Waal, there's an old Indian legend to that effect.

Still Happy

Freddie—What's an optimist, dad?

Cowboy—He's the fellow who doesn't know what's coming to him.

Baths for Birds

Polly have a bath! Polly have a bath! The reiterated cry came from a lady's parrot, who stood in a tin basin full of water ecstatically flapping his scarlet-flecked wings.

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING

Improving Conditions on the Farm Through Systematic Work

Only a few years back it was the fashion, whenever conversation turned upon life on the farm, to shake one's head and quote statistics from the usually records about the farmer's wife. The hard work, the isolation, the monotonous existence, did indeed, prove too much for farm women, and it was out of the dire extremity of their case that salvation was evolved.

The evolution of the farm woman established itself here and there about the country that it did not really have to be, that the answer was not in filling the asylums, nor yet in forsaking the farm for the city, but in changing farm conditions, socializing the farm as it were.

In the last decade club women have become deeply interested. Mrs. Loyd, out of Minnesota, is reputed to have done yeoman service in her effort to carry club life into the rural districts.

And city women have grown keen over the little farm idea. Around every large city little farm projects are on the increase. Clifton M. Shultz, editor of the Farm World, of Chicago, says that in a number of ways women are lending their influence to the spread of the little farm idea.

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ROYAL YEAST

MOST PERFECT MADE

MAKES LIGHT WHOLESOME BREAD.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

The Northern Trusts Company

HEAD OFFICE, WINNIPEG

This company acts in the capacity of

TRUSTEE, EXECUTOR, ADMINISTRATOR

We shall be glad to forward copy of our Booklet "Something About Trusts, Trustees and Trust Companies," on request.

MONEY TO LOAN ON FARM PROPERTY AT CURRENT RATES OF INTEREST

Red Bird

When You Buy Matches, Ask for Red Bird

They have a true safety base head, with silent tip. Will never explode if stepped on.

Reddy's Matches have satisfied Canadians since 1881—except on others.

The E. B. Eddy Company, Hull, Canada

INSIST ON GETTING "EDDY'S"

Washboards, Wood Pails and Tubs, Fibre Pails and Tubs.

Good Aim

I met your father last evening and spoke to him about our being married.

Did he strike you favorably?

Well, not exactly favorably, but rather accurately.—Judge.

Not so Clever

A man isn't as smart as he thinks he is. Any time he manages to fool a girl it is because she wants to be fooled.

What is the difference between the bark of a tree and the bark of a dog?

One is the bark of a house and the other is the bark of a w-o-m-a-n.

Figuring the Cost

Guest—That's a beautiful rug. May I ask how much it cost you?

Host—Five hundred dollars. A hundred and fifty for it and the rest for furniture to match.

Evolution

The letter I is a curious part of speech. At first a mere letter it becomes a pronoun.

Yes, replied the plain person, and then it gets to be the last of Washington Star.

California consumes a very small portion of the fruit she grows.

Before you were married he said he would go through fire and water for you, didn't he?

I thought he did, but I think now he must have meant firewater.—Houston Post.

Key—Fodor, what's superfluous?

Father—Wearing a necktie when you've got a beard, Ikey.

EMPIRE

NAVY PLUG

Chewing Tobacco

A highgrade chew for those who want something better than usual.

"Empire Navy Plug" is an exceptionally choice chewing tobacco—rich, tasty and lasting.

You are sure to like "Empire Navy Plug".

ALL LIVE DEALERS HAVE IT—ASK YOURS.

Management

Why does a cat chase her tail?

I suppose it is because a cat, being strictly a domestic animal, wants to make both ends meet.—Baltimore American.

Dry Philosophy

Men and women are different, but purty much the same.

It's a mighty hard matter for us to see the bad points in a thief who is willing to lend us money, or the good points in an honest man who has refused to do us a favor. Human nature is a weak racial, anyhow. It isn't what a man is that makes him happy; it's what he thinks he is.

As we prepare our women to understand the functions of homemaking and our men to do housework, just in that degree will our nation be able to compete with other nations.—Mrs. Nellie McClung, Winnipeg.

Johnny on the Spot

Johnny, agricultural teacher, wrote a sentence using the words, horse sense, Johnny wrote—One night he forgot to lock the stable and he hasn't seen his horse since.—Kansas City Star.

At Wife's Tea

Wife—John, which will you have? Iced tea, bouillon, cold coffee, grape-juice or lemonade?

Husband—Neither. Haven't you got something to drink?—Judge.

THE TAILOR

Opposite Cosmopolitan Hotel

Ladies' and Gents' Suits

made to order. Also

Ladies' Tailored Dresses and Evening Gowns

Call and see our

New Line of

GOODS & FASHIONS

and leave your

orders early

LATEST METHODS

of all kinds of

DRY CLEANING and PRESSING

W. E. COOPER

SOUTH AVENUE

BLAIRMORE - ALBERTA

Wanted Immediately

A Reliable Agent for

Blairmore, Frank and Bellevue

and surrounding

district to sell

FRUIT TREES, SMALL TREES,

FLOWERING SHRUBS, SMALL

FRUIT TREES, SMALL TREES,

etc. We sell only the best quality

fruit trees, pay weekly, exclusive stock

territory. For particulars write

PELHAM NURSERY CO.

TORONTO, ONTARIO

E-45

WONG WING

Best Laundry in

Town

Goods Collected for and Delivered

at 4th Ave. & Stuart St.

BLAIRMORE, ALBERTA

J. WHILLER

CONTRACTOR & BUILDER

Estimates given on all kinds of

work.

Lumber for sale. Houses to rent

Prompt Attention and Good

Workmanship Guaranteed.

J. WHILLER

Frank, Alta.

Mrs. J. R. Warner

First-Class Dressmaking

Tenth Avenue & Main Street S

Blairmore, Alberta

McKenzie & Jackson

Barristers, Notaries, Etc.

Opposite Hotel

Macleod, FRANK, ALBERTA

WANTED

An enterprising Agent for

every good district in

Manitoba,

Saskatchewan

and Alberta

to sell for

Canada's Greatest Nurseries

Hardy Fruit Trees, Small Fruits,

Rhubarb, Seed Potatoes, Seedlings,

and Rooted Cuttings for Windbreaks,

Shrubs, Evergreens, Bulbs, etc. Test

and recommended by Western

Experimental Stations. Send for

particulars. Start Now.

STONE & WELLINGTON

Toronto, Ontario

July 13 of 1911

... BUY AT ...

THE 41 MARKET**COMPANY**

Fresh Meats

Butter and Eggs

PHONE 36 BLAIRMORE

THE BLAIRMORE ENTERPRISE

Office of Publication

Blairmore, Alberta.

Subscriptions to all parts of the Dominion

\$2.00 per annum. Foreign subscription

\$2.50. Payable in advance.

Business locals, 10c. per line.

Legal notices 10c. per line for first inser-

tion, 10c. per line for each subsequent insertion.

Display Advertising Rates on Application.

W. J. BARTLETT, Proprietor.

Blairmore, Alta., Thurs., Oct. 10, 1912

Happenings in and**Around Blairmore**

T. Frayer paid a visit to Macleod

on Tuesday.

R. M. Hrisco's new store was

opened to the public on Saturday.

Aud. Tweedy was in town from

Lundbreck on Sunday last.

Mrs. Kidd's Maternity home,

Box 95, Phone 151.

Mar Pay went down to Macleod

on a business Tuesday night.

J. W. Lackie, of Dugger, Indiana,

was in town the early part of the

week.

Fred. Livingstone, of Frank is

assisting on the Enterprise in the

absence of the manager.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Faure, of

Coleman, were in town on Sunday

last.

F. W. Robbins has bought out

the Alberta Livery business, the

stables changing hands this week.

Rev. J. M. Beaton goes to Leth-

bridge tonight to attend the ses-

sion of the Macleod Presbytery.

The Cosmopolitan hotel is now

opened up to the trade, and pre-

sents a magnificent appearance.

A slight fire, occurred in the

Blairmore Livery stable on Satur-

day, caused by a defective light

w. e.

W. J. Bartlett, manager of this

"rag," goes to Macleod today to

appear as a juror at the criminal

assizes.

Sick headache is caused by a dis-

ordered stomach. Take Cham-

berlain's Tablets, and your head

and headache will disappear.

For sale by all dealers.

T. W. Doubt wishes us to an-

nounce that he is still in the livery

business and is located in the

Blairmore Livery barn.

Lewis & Irwin open their Won-

derland theatre tonight. Their

attractive programme bills are the

talk of the town.

Paul Gilmore will appear at the

local opera house on Tuesday

night next in that great dramatic

sensation "The Havoc," Prices 75c.

and \$1.00.

Jan. W. Gresham, deputy sheriff

went down to Macleod on Monday

night, where he will attend the

reception to their royal highnesses

and remain over during the criminal

assizes.

A valuable cow belonging to S. H.

Turner was killed by the west-

bound "Hwy" on Tuesday near

the railway depot. The animal

was literally cut to pieces, and the

loss is a heavy one to Mr. Turner.

Rev. J. M. Beaton went down to

Lethbridge Wednesday, where he

will attend a special session of the

Synod, at which will be considered

several calls, one for a pastor for

the First Presbyterian church, Blair-

more.

J. W. Copeland, of Dayton, Ohio,

purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's

Cough Remedy for his boy who had

a cold, and before the bottle was used

the boy's cold was gone. Is that not

better than to pay a five dollar

doctor's bill? For sale by all dealers.

On Friday, October 25, the an-

niversary day of the institution of

Blairmore Lodge, No. 68, I. O. O. F.,

an Enfranchisement Lodge of that

will be established in Blairmore.

The institutional ceremonies will

be held in the afternoon and will

be in charge of Lethbridge En-

campment officials. At night a big

banquet will be held at the Blair-

more hotel.

A resident of Lundbreck was

before the court here on Tuesday

charged with a breach of interdic-

tion.

Don't forget the Oddfellows' ball

on Monday night, October 21st at

the Blairmore opera house. A

good time is assured.

The Pincher Creek orchestra has

been engaged for the Oddfellows' Ball

to be held in the opera house on

the 21st.

The office and dining room of

the Alberta hotel are just complet-

ed, and present a very creditable

appearance.

B. Ryan, of the central tele-

phone department, went to Cal-

gary on Saturday and returned to

town the early part of this week.

We would suggest that the five

buses act strictly up to the rules

of the mines act in future; also

that a policeman be kept in connection

with all mines.

Owing to some delay in the

placing of the steel bridge over the

Old Man river near McLaren's

Mill, the dual train was delayed

about half an hour on Tuesday

evening.

J. W. Verge, principal of the

Blairmore school, and J. McDon-

ald, principal of the Coleman

school went to Cowley on a chick-

en hunt on Friday last. They re-

turned Saturday and reported

birds scarce.

A foreigner having no relatives

or friends in this part of the coun-

try, died at the Frank hospital on

Saturday, and was buried with

municipal honors in the Blair-

more cemetery on Monday of this

week.

The Pollards Juvenile Opera Co

were greeted by the largest turn-

out of people the opera house has

yet experienced. Everyone speak

in the highest terms of this popu-

lar troupe and lay special emphasis

on "Sergeant Bruce."

When you have a bad cold you

want the best medicine obtainable so

as to cure it with as little delay as

possible. Here is a druggist's opin-

ion: "I have sold Chamberlain's

Cough Remedy for fifteen years, and

I have never known it fail. It is a

safe and reliable remedy for all

colds, and is the best on the mar-

ket." For sale by all dealers.

The governor-general's train,

with a double header, went west on

Monday and returned east to

Macleod on Tuesday. As Cuth-

bert did not have his decorations

complete, their highnesses did not

visit Beard's Camp.

The "Enterprise" has this week

sent seventy-five orders for Chris-

tmas greeting cards to Montreal.

The time is drawing short, and in

order to give ample time for get-

ting out the cards, it is necessary

that all orders should be in before

the last of October.

Some miscreants entered a fowl

house at the rear of the Mar Pay

restaurant on Saturday night last

and appropriated therefrom several

chickens and "quackers." Very

likely the parties to the deed

had an unsuccessful day's hunting

to the hills and were determined to

make good.

Mr. Bruin Bear, residing some-

where, desires us to state that he

did not touch any of Pat Burn's

hacous on his visit to Blairmore

last week. He too much feared a

warm reception to enter a cold-

storage plant, and preferred a few

chickens belonging to people in the

east end.

A vehicle drawn by two horses

and driven by a youth of Hillcrest,

was upturned near the Sanatorium

on night last week while return-

ing towards Hillcrest after a show

in Blairmore. The whipple-tree

gave out and the animals took

charge. The vehicle turned turtle,

injure the driver and a lady occu-

pant so badly that it was neces-

sary to convey both to the Sana-

torium, where resuscitations were

administered and it was found

that the driver sustained several

broken ribs and the lady several

cuts and bruises about the body

and face. The horses were cap-

tured at Frank.

Here is a woman who speaks from

personal knowledge and long ex-

perience, viz., Mrs. P. H. Brogan, of

Wilson, Pa., who says, "I know from

experience that Chamberlain's Cough

Remedy is far superior to any other.

For sore throat there is nothing that excels

it." For sale by all dealers.

Gilmore in "The Havoc"

Perhaps no actor is better known

or more popular in Canada—and

especially in eastern Canada—than

Paul Gilmore. In lightest and

heaviest style of play, Mr. Gilmore

shows up to the best advantage. And

in his present play, "The Havoc" in

which he, last evening opened a two

night engagement at the Regina

Theatre he handles a part seemingly

impossible in fashion worthy of Paul

himself.

"The Havoc" is not a conventional

play. Indeed, it contains situations

so thrilling to hear a noble mentioned

as a common and vulgar implement

of labor, "should really stay away."

But in every instance the situations

are dominated by the personality of

Paul Gilmore, and he, as Richard

Craig, the wronged husband, works

out the final positions of the three

persons in the three corners of a tri-

angle in an unusual and masterful

dramatic and in one with cases the

sympathy and deepest attention of

the audience. Mr. Gilmore is an ear-

nest and a big actor.

Mr. Gilmore will appear at the

Blairmore opera house Tuesday next,

Sweeney's Ghost

"Dead Men Tell No Tales"

By CLARISSA MACKIE

After three days and nights of battling with frigid winds and with gray seas the shabby little steamer *Marygold* fell upon the white reefs of Sugar Island and pounded out her feeble life.

Early dawn found Captain Balin and his first mate digging a shallow trench in the snowy sand of the island's curving beach. The trench there lay a dripping form roughly like the *Marygold's* forecastle.

"The mate passed in his digging and dug the empty trench shell that had served as a spade. He pulled out a knife, cut the lashing and hurriedly rolled the inert form into the shallow grave.

"'Twas Sweeney," he announced briefly to the captain and the big fat man nodded carelessly.

"What's that stuff out there?" asked Balin, pointing a hairy forefinger.

"Broken spurs and scraps of the water-soaked rags you called lifeboats," growled the mate.

"You ought to be thankful, Peter. You ought to get down on your knees, because this is all the best luck you ever had." Balin's fishy eyes almost glistened with excitement.

"Thankful for what? Because the expedition has failed? We can never get to Sugar Island now."

Balin smiled triumphantly. "We're on Sugar Island this minute, he answered.

"The mate stared. "No," he yelled.

"Yes," asserted the captain, drawing a water-tight metal case from his pocket. "Just look at the map. All we got to do is to locate the palm grove, where the pearls are buried, and wait until somebody comes and takes us off. We'll be rich, Peter, much richer than if the pearls had to be divided into eight parts. It's half and half now."

"That evening they sat in the shelter of a huge rock and watched the moon rising out of a sea of white foam. Both were smoking furiously and saying little. It had been a hard day in many ways. They had found rather unpalatable shellfish and plenty of coconuts to eat and a tinkling rill of sweet water. They had not found the pearls, although they had dug feverishly all around the coast.

"The map says under the largest point," insisted Balin, in response to Peter's skeptical mood.

"It wasn't there," Peter was beginning when all at once he stopped short and pointed at a dark shadow and shadow that approached them out of the white beauty of the night.

"What's that?" he gasped.

"Aha, there! I spied a feeble voice from the shadow."

"Who is it?" boomed the deep voice of Balin.

"'Tis Sweeney," came from the nearby shadow.

The two men under the rock leaped forth and scrambled around to safety. Little tinkle of expectations hurriedly chilled their hearts.

"You lie!" quavered Peter Darrow. Sweeney's dead.

"We buried him," chimed in Balin. "This was his last day and he was washed out of me there. I was tucked away in a snug as you place in a grove. I was rather premature, I may say."

And the words were mingled with Dennis Sweeney's unmistakable chuckle.

The two men conferred in grumbling tones.

"I'm thankful for thy warm welcome extended to me, well! I've returned from the dead. It's been a long day to lay drap in the sun, whether for a life or a cry. It was Sweeney's accident that convinced his shipmates that he had indeed ceased death. But the greed of gold overcame any scruples they might otherwise have had."

"Sweeney's dead!" insisted Peter Darrow obstinately, all the terror gone from his voice. "If you're his ghost you can keep to yourself. We don't want you around here!"

"No more we don't emphasize Balin roughly.

"Indeed!" purred Sweeney's voice. "And might I ask if we three are the only ones who are here?"

"Only two were saved—Captain Balin and me," returned Darrow significantly.

"How about me—don't I count?"

"You're dead!" Darrow's voice was flat.

"I was a least buried. I can swear to it," added Balin ponderously.

"Are you aware that I lay back in the face, yes! Sweeney's cold print, but Sweeney would kill Dennis Sweeney?"

And the form of Sweeney receded down the beach, accompanied by very audible footfalls.

"You should have dug it deeper," complained Captain Balin querulously as he joined Darrow in a walk around to the opposite side of the island.

"How did I know he wasn't dead?" demanded Peter impatiently. Then he worried tones he lent out: "I suppose he'll be watching us all the time. He'll expect a share of the pearls."

"How to be to know we're on Sugar Island?" queried Balin craftily. "He

wouldn't suspect that we were wrecked on the very island we were bound for."

"Are you sure he's not?" asked Balin. "Don't suspect?" threatened Peter Darrow.

Several days passed in a fruitless search after the hidden treasure and the pearls. They dug around the roots of all the largest palms.

There came one fair morning after five days of searching and no success. The weather, when Peter Darrow leaped high in the air and yelled with excitement.

"The palm tree! The big palm has blown over!" he announced to his companion. "Now we can get at the roots!"

Captain Balin turned a solid and unsmiling head toward his first mate. His eyes were bloodshot, and he was drawn from lack of sleep. The wind had been merciless in its lashings. "It will come, after I've had these eggs," he grunted, eating ravenously of the turtle eggs they had captured the night before.

"Then wait impatiently until the big palm has finished his breakfast and joined him in the thick undergrowth of the jungle. They tore resolutely through clinging vines and impeding vegetation until they reached the summit of the hill where the giant palm lay prostrate on the ground.

They drew at the tangle of uprooted roots and tore madly at the loosened earth.

"Here!" screamed Darrow suddenly, and he brought forth a rusted tin canister.

Crazed by the nearness of the treasure they had come so far to seek, the two men fought over the possession of the canister until finally the lid came off in Balin's hand. Then they coiled over it.

There in the bottom rolled two small pearls. That was all.

Their curses went up to the blue sky pouring softly above them and smote roughly on the balmy air. Finally, breathless with rage, they faced each other.

"Somebody's been here first!" declared Balin.

"You mean this morning?" panted Darrow, hiding his one pearl in his pocket.

Balin nodded. "Since the palm blew over. Of course it was Sweeney."

"We haven't seen him but that once. He would have been his ghost," objected Darrow.

"The grave is empty," said Balin. "I went and looked the next day."

"Then we'll find him," Peter Darrow arose and looked down at the strip of beach visible from the hilltop. "He must come out at night. I'll catch him if it takes twenty years, and these—"

"Then—eh?" leered Balin.

"He'll stay in his grave," muttered Darrow cruelly.

All that day they looked for Dennis Sweeney and found nothing save his footprints on the sand and a pile of coconuts, shells showing signs of being eaten. All night long they hunted him relentlessly, growing more ugly as morning approached.

At last the thick tops of the palm trees where the younger man might have hidden securely from them, for Sweeney was agile as a cat.

At that mysterious hour between gray dawn and actual daylight they came upon him standing at the water's edge. The shadows were as deep as film and shadowy about his appearance that the two treasure seekers hesitated for a moment so that he turned and saw them.

Balin flourished the empty tin canister.

"You devil, you've found the pearls!" he shouted.

"Go away," said the voice of Dennis Sweeney. "I'm dead—dead as doornails. Yes have said of Love me not let me be alone. Himmler, dead men tell no tales!"

"Be careful, Sweeney," warned Peter Darrow, edging toward the second mate. "We're dead men. If you do give up those pearls you'll be dead and we'll get 'em anyway."

"I'm a ghost," said Sweeney, with regard, as he tumbled backward into the water and struck out skillfully, with a wary eye for sharks. "I'm a spook. 'Til captain there will take out of it. He said so."

Captain Balin lay a volley of oaths as he joined Darrow at the water's edge.

Suddenly Dennis Sweeney emitted a frightful scream and disappeared beneath the surface of the water.

The two onlookers watched the bubble rise to the surface with horror of their faces.

"Sharks!" muttered Balin hoarsely.

"My God!" groined Darrow, momentarily unnerved by the unexpectedness of it.

With one accord they turned and hurried around to the middle of the island, where they remained for several hours before they ventured to return to the place where Dennis Sweeney disappeared.

Carefully folded on the beach along high water mark was the red flannel shirt of Dennis Sweeney. On the shirt lay two large pearls, one of the middle of each leaf was a little heap of pearls, perhaps a third of what the tea canister had contained. Written in the white coral sand were strange words.

"What does it say?" demanded Balin.

"That's the best spook," read Darrow slowly. "They're turned and pointed to the opening in the coral reefs. There was a trail of black smoke and the black ball of an Australian light hanging away from Sugar Island. 'I mean a played a trick.'"

"The devil devil," gasped Balin at last. "Here's more writing, Peter. Read it."

Darrow bent over and obediently read the last message of Dennis Sweeney: "Dead men tell no tales."

MODDED FROM MEMORY.

Dennis was a Weaver, Though He Did Not Weave.

Dennis, the celebrated caricaturist, had a wonderful power of modeling from memory. After one long look at his subject he could go to his studio and make a bust quite perfect in its resemblance.

One day a young man came to him, saying that his statue of a certain gentleman was not good, although the family wished her bust modeled, they dared not excite her by mentioning it.

Would he undertake to reproduce her features after seeing her once? Danton agreed, and next day the brother informed his sister that he intended to present her with some jewelry and that a young man would bring some specimens for her approval.

Danton brought in the jewels and, going home modeled a bust of striking resemblance. Next year an old gentleman, the father of the young woman, came to order a bust of the brother, who also had died. "This bust was a marvelous success."

The result of such planning, however, was not always as satisfactory to the patron as in the case of the gentleman who could not persuade his wife to sit—asked Danton to make a certain countess one day and she said: "Remember the features of the lady opposite him."

He did so, modeled a beautiful bust and sent it to the countess, who, to be not the mistress, but the maid, who had also taken the trip in the omnibus.

MONARCHS AND COINS.

Napoleon in a Temper and Louis Philippe on a Host of Ministers.

The great Napoleon was not great at the white table, and a characteristic story is told of him at St. Helena. At a private party, when he was out of his usual mood, he was as a mark, and one of the young ladies took up one of the coins and asked him what it was.

"The police here are not so good as yours," he replied, pointing to the impression, exclaimed, "Get lost!"

A lady, annoyed caused by this lack of ruffled him so much that he made a mistake. The party begged him to try again, and he did so, with the same result. His countenance then displayed the rage of convulsive fury, and his anger was not appeased until the house had been searched for old cards, which could be more easily made.

Meanwhile the unhappy Countess, his only attendant, was ordered to sit down at a spare table to play the cards alone until they should run smoothly.

Louis Philippe showed equal regard for the coin that bore his name. He dropped a coin on a carpet while playing whist and arrested the progress of the game to look for it, whereupon the ladies showed signs of uneasiness. One of the party set fire to a billet of 1,000 francs to give light to the king under the table.

Dynamite and Tree Planting.

Possibly what at first sight appears to be the strangest application of dynamite is for the purpose of planting trees. Yet its success in this connection is said to be peculiarly remarkable.

When a hole is made with an axe in the surrounding soil is left in a hard condition. The result is that the roots find it difficult to start. They are cramped in the tight quarters of the hole and cannot pierce the surrounding hard wall of earth.

By dynamite a large clean hole is blasted out, and in addition, the soil on all sides is loosened for five or six feet. When the tree is planted the young and tender roots force their way without effort through the crevices, sucking up nutriment and commencing to grow from the moment they are set without any retardation whatever.

Poss and Lentils.

The word "peck" is derived from Pisa, a Greek city of Asia, which seems to have been the center of the peering industry for years before the time of Christ. The antiquarians are of the opinion that the "mess potting," for which Esau sold his birthright, was a dish of peas. In those times they were called "lentils," and even at the present day the English common people of several of the English shires, notably Middlesex as well as Oxfordshire, call them "lentils," dropping the "m." In the time of Mary they were called "peasens," and in the time of Charles I. "peas."

A Literary Sensation.

"What's the cause of the excitement? Look! There's a great crowd around the public library building. Something must have happened."

"I don't know," replied the librarian. "I'll telephone over and see what's wrong."

"Somebody has started a rumor that there is a business man inside reading a book of poems," Chicago Record-Herald.

Unlike Fishing Lines.

"That fishing line you are now using is clever, don't you think?" asked the critic.

"No," replied the hard luck angler; "it's all at naught."

"No," the lines are too catchy."

Dramatic Hints.

Augustus—'I'm not fond of the stage. Violet, but I hear your father on the stage, and I think I had better go before the footlights.'—London Sketch.

Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy.—Kingson.

Chip of Old Block.

When father learns that Willie smokes a pipe, he sends a heavy frown.

And says all his cups and snobs are as good as Willie's pipe.

But when he detects with other men. He smokes a heavy pipe.

About the days of childhood when he smoked behind his back.

Rejudged.

A jury trial in a western town had gone along for more than an hour when the trial judge discovered that the panel was shy a juror.

"What does this mean?" he roared. "There are only eleven jurors in the box. Where is the twelfth?"

"Please, your honor," answered one of the eleven, "he has gone away from here on some other business, but he has left his verdict with me."—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Point of Law.

The best place to roll and pitch. The judge clung to the rail. He asked the jury to pass. The solemn face grew pale. He rapidly thought. He snatched his legal bag. He hurriedly motioned the jury to follow him.

Life.

Persuasive.

"Will the ladies move up front, please?" said the conductor on a car crowded with matinee girls.

"There was little response, so he spoke again."

"Move forward, please, ladies; the matinee is a great deal better looking than the night."

Snuggling, the ladies moved up.—Boston Transcript.

Day's Diagnosis.

"Would you think me too bold if I threw you a kiss?"

"No, not a bit of it!" countered the lady.

"Just simply and sincerely yours."—Canadian Courier.

Unworthy.

A woman lately wrote an editor of the personal column of a daily:

"I have lost three husbands and now have a fourth of a fourth. Shall I accept him?"

The reply came: "If you have lost three husbands I should say you are too careless to be trusted with a fourth."—Harper's Magazine.

Impatience.

"Some of the problems of human existence are becoming more and more vexing."

"Yes," replied the admiring parent. "I can hardly wait for my daughter's graduation essay to let us know what to do about them."—Washington Star.

Among the Higher Lops.

Our domestic cat called Mary Ann. To learn her toll.

Now we have her and also the can. —Chicago.

Slow Progress.

Bacon—"It takes my wife three hours to pass a certain paper."

Egbert—"He was also in the suffrage party."

"The man was telling a funny story."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Public Benefactor.

Margaret—Josephine has gone in for a new sort of philanthropy. Katharine—Goodness! What?

Margaret—She has formed a society for the prevention of new forms of auction bridge.—Life.

In Terrid Climes.

Full many a man, both young and old. Has gone to his sarcophagus. He down his last exhalation. —Chambers's Club Perfection.

Vociferously Reluctant.

"Alfred, what was that loud noise on the front porch last night? It woke me."

"Why, mamma, that must have been Jack tearing himself away."—Chicago Tribune.

A Later Development?

Father to his son whom he has never forgiven for lying—"I never told you when I was small."

Ha—Well, how old were you, father, when you began?—Fleeged Blatter.

Worn Out.

The "Welcome" on their doorman was in letters were welcome.

But people came and went so much they were their welcome out.

—Dallas News.

Fellow Feeling.

"The children need something new every week. You have no children; hence you can't understand."

"The carmen and clasp. I have an automobile."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Not What He Expected.

Harold—Suppose I and I were all alone on a deserted island. Elsie, what would you do?

Elsie—Thank the good Lord that I knew how to swim.—Tavern Topics.

Hard Work.

A dollar looks like a lot to a job. It doesn't seem much when your luck is running. But when you're broke and that just try to raise one buck. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

What's the Difference?

Policeman—Congratulations, Sarah. I've been selected.

Sarah (with delight)—Honestly? Policeman—What difference does that make?—St. Louis Times.

Montal Arithmetic.

Teacher—Why, Willie, these problems are all wrong! That's the worst I ever heard of. Willie—These are hard before I could even get a wrong.—Judson.

BOILED SPARROWS.

A Tip From Uncle Sam on How to Boil the Best of the Best of Living.

In most localities in the United States English sparrows are a pest. There is therefore no reason why the birds should not be utilized for food in this country, as they have been in the old world for centuries, says a recent farmers' bulletin, issued by the department of agriculture. Their flesh is palatable, and, though their bodies are small, their numbers fully compensate for their lack of size.

"To kill mentally a sparrow that has been trapped place the thumb nail at the base of its skull and dislocate its neck by rapid quick pressure. To draw it out of the legs, the wings as the outer joint and the neck close to the body, strip off the skin, beginning at the neck, make a cut through the body wall extending from the neck along the backbone till the ribs are severed, then around between the legs to the end of the tail, the viscera."

If sparrows are to be boiled as only the breasts, as this method of cooking so shrivels and parches the tender parts as to render them unpalatable. The only safe way of a strip of skin from wing to wing across the back, grasp the wings in front of the body and pull the neck in the other and by a quick pull separate the breast from the ribs, turn the breast out of the skin that covers it and sever the whole at the second joint. The whole operation requires but a fraction of a minute, and it can be done by the fingers alone.

Sparrows may be cooked by any of the methods employed for redbirds or quail. When boiled, broiled, buttered and served on toast they are particularly good and compare favorably with the best kinds of small game.

AVIATION IN EUROPE.

People show more Public Interest Than We Do Here.

Does aviation go with patriotism? It would seem so. I found all over Europe a public spirit rising to the demands of the new art of conquering the air by monoplane and biplane. In France public subscriptions, even from the school children, were being collected for the purchase of aeroplanes for the use of the army.

Here in March a wave of patriotic enthusiasm swept the nation. The national movement for the purchase of aeroplanes was instantly given support by the Paris press, with four of the leading papers subscribing \$10,000 each. Clubs and other organizations have ever since been adopting resolutions to send grants from their funds to the national subscription toward equipping the aerial army.

Every little while some prominent actor will give a theatrical benefit in aid of the purchase of aeroplanes, which are applied toward the purchase of an aeroplane. The French colonial soon followed the lead of the metropolitan subscriptions toward the cause. Even members of the American colony in France are gathering subscriptions for the purchase of aeroplanes, which they will present to the French army.

We are far behind the other nations in the interest we are taking in this new art of conquering the air. It lends itself so easily to those who delight in out of door sport—Harley Quimby in *Leslie's*.

California Is Some State.

California is now a billion dollar state. The federal bureau of statistics reports that the soil and manufacturing products now reach that magnificent total annually, not taking into account the many millions of mineral products. The reports also show that California leads the world in per capita wealth, with the astonishing figure of \$2,235. Even New York, with its headquarters of America's wealth, is not so rich as the state of the West.

The Twinkling of a Star.

An apparatus for recording photographically the twinkling of a star has been recently perfected. It consists of a rotating mirror, which is moved in the direction perpendicular to the length of the spectrum, the result expected being a series of slightly different spectra. By this method of reproduction analogous to those of the cinematograph it is possible to reproduce the appearance of scintillations.

Australia's Big Trees.

None too soon a popular movement has been started in Australia to preserve the gigantic stringybarks, various species of eucalyptus, of that country, which far exceed in height the sequoias of California and are the tallest trees in the world. These trees sometimes attain heights ranging from 400 to 500 feet. Their bark is so hard and durable, and for this reason they have been ruthlessly destroyed by timbermen, while no proper steps have been taken to provide for their reproduction.

Three Big Things.

The new Grand Central terminal in New York City, completed with a cost of \$15,000,000. It will cover an area of seventy-five acres and be able to handle 250 trains an hour. The Pennsylvania railroad will cost \$10,000,000 and the outlay for the Pennsylvania terminal in New York City approximately \$10,000,000.

A Good Astringent.

For any skin no astringent brings about more satisfactory results than lemon juice. It has a delightful cooling effect, but should not be applied too often, as it has drying properties likely to prove disagreeable to extremely delicate skin. Apply the lemon juice with a piece of absorbent cotton and just before it dries wipe it away gently with a soft cloth.

Good Hair Tonics.

W. H. CHAPPELL, JR.